

Mulberry Mud Pies

By Dana I. Hunter

Mulberries were not the tastiest of treats to fill a six-year old's belly.
Recalling afternoons spent underneath its branches
fill my mind like a visit to a candy store of forgotten dreams.

Remembering the cool soft soil underneath my bare feet
splotched with purple and black hues in patterns created
with each plop of a globe.

Running with cups of water used to create lakes and rivers between
berries not smooshed by giants or claimed by ants.
Hands and clothes stained with colorful adventures dug in the dirt.

Each summer spent under its shade became shorter as I grew taller
and the patting of endless piles of Mulberry Mud Pies lost its
appeal as my age entered double digits.

I haven't eaten a Mulberry since those summers
like I said they weren't the tastiest of berries to eat
maybe they were put here only to feed my imagination.